

Good Morning 397

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon presents STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

RED-HEAD Jean Kent went east the other evening, and she got a Stepney roar. Gaumont British staged the finals of the amateur talent contests at the Troxy, Commercial Road, and the film star gave out the prizes.

This London lovely shyly apologised for taking up time, and blushed as the roar of welcome stepped up to a tumultuous thunderclap.

When Jean got through signing the filthy slips of paper thrust by usherettes and some photographs I gave her for a submarine crew she began to fight. She was in Commercial Road, and her car was ten yards across the pavement. The bevy of bobbies, the theatre manager and the studio bodyguard took one step forward and were pushed back two. When the lady in green got to her car she had been fingered by a thousand clutching hands and her gown looked like well-used blotting-paper.

Her car was no longer shining and the driver was immaculate no more. The Stepney kids had kicked them both around as a welcome gesture and so that they wouldn't feel so conspicuous.

But still Jean smiled and waved, between adjusting her straps.

But then, Jean always smiles—that's mainly why she's catapulted from five shows a day at the Windmill Theatre to Gainsborough stardom.

This up-and-coming curvaceous cutie comes from a line of lovely ladies.

Her mother, Mildred Noakes, was a famous ballet dancer for many years, a member of the corps de ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and later travelled the world with Pavlova. She had two great-grandmothers who were famous "beauties." Miss Frances Proctor, a Frenchwoman, known as "The Beauty of Calcutta," and Miss Georgina Millgate, the "Kentish Beauty." It is no wonder, with such ancestors, that young twenty-three-year-old Jean Kent, with her russet hair, hazel eyes, sparkle and fascinating ways, should be a pin-up girl.

Jean was born in London on June 29, 1921, and educated in a convent, and later at the Bedford College of Dancing, Dulwich. Her mother and father were both on the stage, her father being a member of the famous Norman Leonard Trio.

Jean travelled with her parents, who were doing a double act at the time, and made her debut in ballet in 1933 at the Theatre Royal, Bath, when her mother hurt her ankle.

From that date on Jean made regular appearances as a dancer, joining the Windmill Theatre chorus in 1935, later becoming a soubrette. In 1938 she left the Windmill to tour with Ernie Lotinga and, after touring in different revues for



Lovely Jean Kent

another year, appeared in "The Gate Revue" in London in 1939. 1940 saw her at the Criterion in "Come out of your Shell," followed by leading role with Max Miller in "Applesauce."

THE screen career of a Hollywood second generation actor was furthered recently when Columbia announced that Richard Lyon, seven-year-old son of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, has been signed for a role in "Pilebuck."

This is the Terneen production which stars Pat O'Brien. Richard, who has had bit parts in several productions, gets his first important role in "Pilebuck."

IT was in 1941 that the roving eye of Gainsborough's casting director saw Jean at the Palladium in this show, and in 1942 Jean became a Gainsborough starlet and made her debut in "It's That Man Again." A series of "build-up" roles brought Jean through "Miss London, Ltd." to a leading part in "Bees in Paradise." In "Fanny by Gaslight" Jean was promoted to a fine part as Lucy, flighty girl-friend to Phyllis Calvert. "2,000 Women" and "Blue for Waterloo" followed in quick succession, and then in "Madonna of the Seven Moons," now in production at Shepherd's Bush, Jean secured one of the acting plums of the film season. She is also currently working in "Champane Charlie," on loan to Ealing Studios.

Jean Kent is unmarried. She is seriously continuing her acting career—that can come later, says this bright young star. When Jean is not acting, which is very seldom, she has two unusual hobbies—French polishing and writing humorous verse. She is also taking singing lessons and is keen on swimming and riding.

One of the best troupers in the business, Jean is never too busy to make a public appearance for charity and never too "up-stage" to extend a welcoming hand to any visitors to the studio.

COLIN WILLS TELLS THE STORY TO-DAY

A **SERIOUS** situation developed aboard H.M.S. "Hermione" when a member of the crew was threatened with infantile paralysis. Only one thing, it was discovered, could save his life. That was an Iron Lung.

The nearest "Lung" was in a Colonial hospital, so a shipwright aboard the "Hermione" was rushed to the hospital, carefully studied the Iron Lung in use, and then hurried back to his ship.

For fourteen hours that shipwright, aided by shipmates, worked at producing a replica of the "Lung" he had seen in the hospital. And, what's more, he succeeded in his purpose; the "Lung" was completed and the life of a shipmate saved.

Since they became front-page news, in the early 'thirties, Iron Lungs have performed a great service to mankind. Developed in the United States, the first and best-known mechanical respirator was that designed by Dr. Phillip Drinker, of Harvard University. At first some people were not inclined to believe the claims made on behalf of the "Lung," but no sooner had it arrived in Britain than sufferers were being assisted by this mechanical wonder.

The "Lung," which enables people to breathe, is a coffin-shaped chamber in which the patient is placed up to his neck. A bellows, driven by an electric motor, is connected with the chamber. When the air is driven in it contracts the patient's chest and expels breath from the lungs. When the air pressure in the chamber is reduced the chest expands and the patient inhales. Hundreds of folk suffering with infantile paralysis have had reason to thank Heaven for such an invention, and since

the war it has been in frequent use in many parts of the world. Men of the Royal Navy have proved themselves particularly brilliant in the art of making "Iron Lungs." A typical example happened at Gibraltar.

A seaman from a cruiser was taken to a military hospital in Gibraltar with infantile paralysis. As the only "Lung" on the island, at the time, presented by Lord Nuffield, was in use, a signal was sent to the Admiralty asking them to send a "Lung" by air. As the patient was hourly getting worse, however, an Army doctor went aboard the cruiser and explained the situation to the captain.

At once carpenters aboard the cruiser were ordered to the hospital to examine the "Lung" in use. Within a short time they were once more aboard, and commenced to make a "Lung" for their comrade with rubber and three-ply wood.

Twelve hours later they carried the "Lung" they had made aboard into the hospital!

Even then the shipwright's task was not complete. The authorities explained that a special stretcher was needed to slide the sick man into the "Lung." Again the seamen-workmen commenced another task—and again took their creation to hospital.

The sick man recovered.

As it was not possible, because of a shortage of necessary material, to fix a motor of the type used in ordinary lungs, volunteers were called from the ship's company to work four-hour shifts at a special hand pump. Scores offered their services—and in their quiet way played a big part in the recovery of their shipmate.

Our American friends, since they arrived in Britain, have

on several occasions saved the lives of some of their own men by smart use of the "Iron Lung." Not so long ago, one patient, Staff Sergeant John Baker, suffering from infantile paralysis, was in a "Lung" when the electricity supply failed.

At once the doctor in charge gave the order: "The machine must not stop for a minute, or the patient will die." So men took turns at pumping by hand. Next morning the current was restored—but a few hours later a vital part broke.

So, while the fractured mechanism was rushed, aboard Jeep, thirty-six miles to the nearest airfield welding station, the ward staff pumped, in every respect, for dear life.

When the vital part was returned the engineers found it impossible to fit it while the patient was in the "Lung."

The doctor, before removing his patient, said to the engineers, "Work faster than you've ever worked before. This man's life is in your hands."

They did—and the job was completed just in time for the sick sergeant's life to be saved!

These days, as I said earlier, the "Iron Lung" does not make the headlines, as before the war. It is, however, doing a wonderful job of work and saving from death scores of gallant men and women.

The Guelphs, powerful German family of the Middle Ages, founded the royal houses of Brunswick and Hanover. The present Royal Family of England dropped the name of Guelph during the Great War and assumed the name of Windsor.

Tel. Ronald Mills, here's

THERE was great activity, Tel. Ronald Mills, at your home on the day we called—your parents were packing to go on their holidays.

Your Mother came to the door in answer to our knock, and invited us in, "if you can get in," and you rely on us, when we tell you that we ploughed our way through stacks of clothes, shoes and cases, etc. They were making a thorough job of it.

Here is a message that your Mother asked us to pass on to you. Len, your brother, is now serving in South Africa, and has just finished three weeks' leave out there. He says it's a grand place and he is as brown as a nigger.

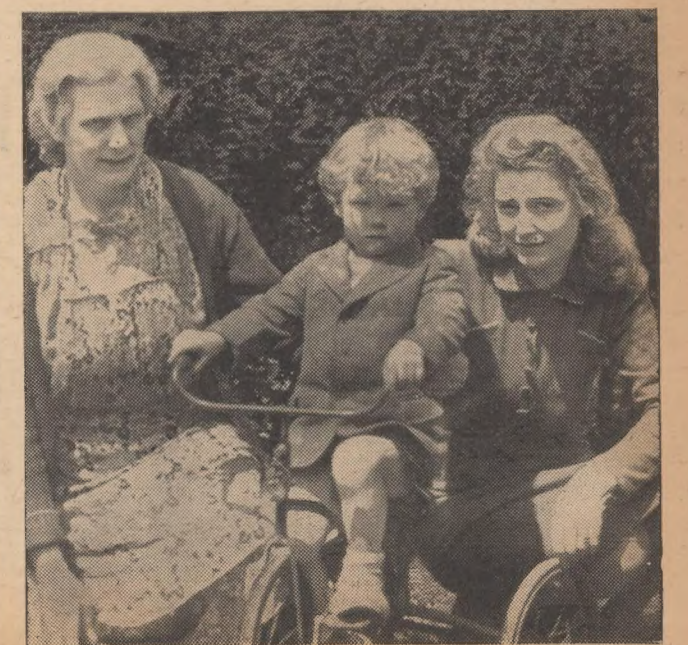
Edna, your sister in the W.A.A.F., has written home lately to tell the folk that she is fighting fit, but pining for leave. She also asked after you, Ron. Sister Peggy is much better after her illness, and we managed to get her photo with that little scamp, Colin, and Mum.

Audrey was working at the time we called, but we saw her rabbit instead; we can assure you that he was quite well and very contented with

life at the time, having a nice fresh lettuce in his cage.

Your brother, Laurie, was home and very busy. He had a full-time job to last him the best part of the day—a job you sometimes used to get, have you guessed? Yes, that's right, he was the family cobbler.

You now have a budding pianist in the family, Ronnie. His fingers are a wee bit small for the job maybe, not to mention his body, but nevertheless, he gets a couple of cushions, puts them on the piano stool, sits on top and bangs away to his heart's content. And by that, you will have guessed that this master of musicians is your little nephew, Colin.



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

"KEEP OUT OF IT"

PART 11

IN London, I compared the hand-writings. They were identical. Captain Palmer was undoubtedly the messenger who had called for the "fetterlock ring." In jubilation I went on to Corby's flat, where I was to meet Jervis.

Jervis opened the door. "Corby will be along soon," he said.

"He's a great showman, is old John," Jervis added. "I don't wonder they worship him 'oop at Braithley."

"But don't they see through him?" I asked. "People call him a political hypocrite."

Jervis shook his head.

"No. He is sincere enough. There's a touch of the fanatic about John, just as there is about his father. Beth Lockwood calls it over-developed conscience in the old man and under-developed in John. It isn't that, it's egotism in the old man, a fear of being wrong; in John it's ambition. John Corby understands his people better than they understand themselves; he knows exactly what chances he can take with them and what he can't. And he's never made a mistake yet, and, mark you, Harborough, that's not easy for a rich man. But they stomach his wealth because they believe in him, and he's eminently respectable. That's a matter of immense importance."

"How do you mean?" I put in.

"Well; for one thing he mustn't offend their moral code, and it's a damned sight stricter than you think. If John's name got coupled with some frisky young woman's it would lose him thousands of votes; it might lose him his seat. If he got into a divorce case it would ruin his political career. But old John won't make a mistake like that. 'Above suspicion' is his motto. Clever devil."

QUIZ for today

- Arrack is an Irish county, part of a church, drink, kind of lace, Scottish tweed, Indian language?
- Who wrote (a) Puck, (b) Puck of Pook's Hill?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Alice, the Mad Hatter, the Gryphon, Topsy, the Duchess, the Cheshire Cat.
- Whence do Harris Tweeds get their name?
- Who invented cordite and when?
- Who was known as the Swedish Nightingale?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Mocassins, Myrmidon, Mucus, Moustache, Martial, Marrital.
- When is Maundy Thursday?
- What river divides Lancashire from Cheshire?
- Name an English quadruped with webbed feet.
- Where exactly did Stanley find Livingstone?
- All the following are real words, except one. Which is it? Paltry, Poultry, Peltry, Pastry.

Answers to Quiz in No. 396

- Russian weight.
- (a) Pearl Buck, (b) Max Beerbohm.
- Flint is in Wales; others in Scotland.
- Thirteen millions.
- Toad.
- Rubbish.
- Mastodon, Muscatel.
- Loo.
- Ampère.
- Parralage.
- Isle of Man.

Jervis helped himself to a whisky and soda, while I debated which part of my news to tell him first.

But he went on, before I began. "Do you know who's just left here?"

"Who?" I queried.

"Blue-eyed Eddie," Jervis said, raising his glass.

"What, Connor; the detective?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. How John did it I don't know. He's certainly a useful puller of strings. He had him here to dinner. Connor was tickled to death. He thinks John's a swell guy. And it made it so easy for me. After dinner John left us alone."

"Did you get anything out of him?" I asked, anxiously.

Jervis settled himself in a chair. Then, "Yes," he said gravely. "But it's not going to be a very pleasant hearing for you, Harborough."

THE story he told me in the next half-hour was incredible. That it confirmed my worst fears about my uncle's past did not distress me.

My Uncle Alban, Jervis told me, had been a skilful and notorious forger, who had been in and out of American prisons for thirty years. Not a big man, as crooks went, but dangerous, one who was known to the police of half the cities of the United States. My uncle worked as a rule with one, or at the most two, accomplices, but his were the brains that evolved and directed the skilful frauds.

Banks, insurance companies and financial houses were generally his game, though Connor had instanced one spectacular swindle out of which he said my uncle must have netted fully three hundred thousand dollars. By means of forged correspondence and deeds he had sold a valuable block of business property in Acme, Ohio, to a Detroit speculator while the owner was undergoing a rest cure in a Swiss sanatorium. But they got him, and he was sentenced to a seven-year term for it. Connor had traced him down after eighteen months' patient work.

"He knew him as Allan Birch," Jervis went on. I winced at that. Birch was one of our family names. "But he was generally known to police and underworld as 'The Professor.'"

"Well," I said at last, "you're right, Jervis. This isn't very pleasant hearing. But has it got us anywhere? I mean, can Connor suggest anybody who might have murdered my uncle?"

"Connor's put me in touch with two people in the States who know more about the 'Professor's' history than he does. He's only one of many to Connor, though an important one, but he says that in that Acme estate fraud there was a man who let your uncle down. Connor believes there was a row between the two. A man known by the picturesque name of 'The Glamour Boy' Connor tried to get

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

him, but he'd cleared out without giving your uncle the tip. He was an Englishman born in the Argentine, the son of a well-to-do business man called Harding—"

"What!" I yelled, leaping to my feet. "Harding! My God! Jervis, we're on to him."

Jervis stared at me as if I were raving mad.

"At my Chop House," I went on, my words tumbling over one another in my excitement. "Charles. That waiter. He told me about him. Harding. He was there that night. A dark man, Jervis, Harding's Palmer."

"For God's sake tell me what you're talking about, man," Jervis said.

"I am telling you," I retorted. "I've identified Palmer's writing, I found out that Palmer was at the restaurant, and—"

I broke off abruptly as Corby's manservant came into the room.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but Mr. Connor has returned and asks if he might see you for a moment."

Jervis and I looked at one another in amazement.

"I'll come out and speak to him," he said.

But I interrupted, "No. Ask him in here."

The servant looked confused.

"Ask him in here," I repeated, and Jervis nodded.

"I'm fighting for my neck, Jervis," I said as the man left us, "and I want to hear what Connor has got to say."

CONNOR was not unlike what I had expected him to be. He was a tall man who could overtop me by a couple of inches, and I stand six feet in my socks. He had a pleasant Irish face, thinning dark hair and a pair of pale blue eyes that looked hard as steel until he smiled. Then they glinted with native humour.

He was obviously expecting to find Jervis alone, and just for a moment appeared embarrassed. When he spoke, he was more Irish than American.

"Sure I didn't want to interrupt you, Mr. Jervis," he said. "It was just a small matter that had slipped my memory. Maybe 'twas that last glass of port that's responsible. But if I could see you for a moment." He smiled.

Jervis said, "Indeed," in a polite way. I said eagerly, "What was it?"

Connor addressed Jervis. "You'd remember I mentioned Glamour Boy Harding, who worked for the Professor," he said.

"Harding. Go on, yes," I put in, and he looked at me through

hard eyes that seemed to be reading my thoughts.

"So you know Harding?" he queried blandly.

"I don't know. I'm not sure," I responded, heedless of what I said.

Connor went on. "Do you know Oswald Baker, too?"

"Oswald Baker—no. I've never heard of him," I said. "Who is he?"

"He is the slimiest, lousiest little toad that ever fouled God's earth," Connor said, savagely. "There isn't a dirty job that he wouldn't do, and he'd swear his best friend's life away if he got paid for it. Indeed, he's done it before now—don't I know. Now listen. Oswald Baker used to work with Harding; when I left half an hour ago, I saw Baker. But I don't know your city as well as that slimy little toad does, and he shook me off in the railway depot nearby here. I'm never sure of my man till I've got his finger-prints; excepting that, I'm sure."

Connor fixed his queer eyes on me again.

"It's just a friendly hint in case you should know the dirty little skunk. It's no concern of mine, but I'll be quite frank with you both. I'd say if Oswald Baker's worrying you go to your police headquarters at once and tell all you know. Don't play with that little toad, you never know what dirty trick he'll be up to next."

I was thinking furiously. The man I had seen lurking outside and had believed to be a detective—had I made a mistake? Wild ideas crowded my mind. One took form.

"Is he a slim, loose-limbed man, fair, with a neat moustache?" I asked.

Connor's child-like smile flashed to his face.

"That 'ud be him. Sure, I thought perhaps you might know of him."

Jervis looked at me in question.

I said, "Yates."

"So that's what he calls himself now?" Connor put in.

"That dirty bit of work's used more aliases and nationalities than he can remember. I guess he's English or English colonial: he's not American. God knows what his real name is, but he was married to an Englishwoman. I happened once on a letter from her. And, gentlemen, from it I gathered he'd led her one hell of a life. She was an actress; Joan Alderton, she called herself."

Jervis repeated the name in a curious voice, then turned towards

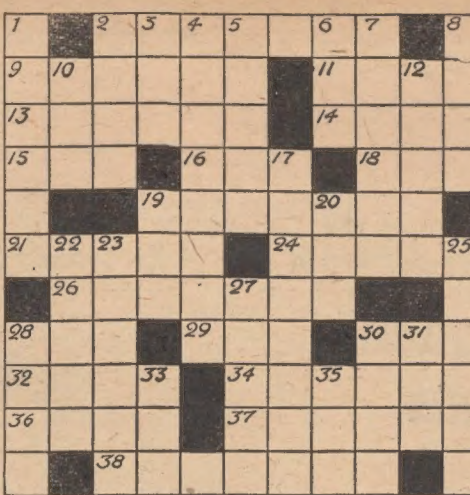
the table that bore the tray of drinks Corby had brought in, saying, in an unnaturally calm and detached way, "Let me give you a whisky and soda, Mr. Connor."

"Thank you, no," Connor said. "I must get off right now. I hope this information may be useful to you."

"I'm sure we're both very grateful to you," Jervis said, still in the same stilted tone. "Let me see you out."

Whether I thanked Connor or not I don't know. I was wondering

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Pieced together.
- Drive forward.
- Husks.
- Nucleus.
- Accept bait.
- Increase by.
- Person.
- Promise.
- Furnace tenders.
- Two.
- Strong winds.
- Sharp.
- cornered.
- Trap.
- Collection.
- Male animal.
- Affirm.
- Water-sport.
- Lover.
- Beard.
- Stories.

SCREW SWABS

COON CURLEW
ORBIT BILGE
FRIDAY NOSE
FAN PODGY T
L LIKES C
F HAREM SAP
ABED LUSTRE
READS RURAL
CAVEAT RAFT
EMERY LEWES

CLUES DOWN.

- Throw aloft.
- Body of water.
- Suitable.
- Last station.
- Transparent.
- Recede.
- Twaddle.
- Recognised.
- Colour.
- Make amends.
- Denying.
- Fruit.
- Spoil.
- 22 Forgo.
- 23 Temper.
- 25 Drooped.
- 27 Shelf.
- Simpleton.
- 30 Successes.
- 31 Pronoun.
- 33 Shrub.
- 35 Nursing initials.

at Jervis' odd manner, and suddenly I thought I knew the reason. I hardly waited for him to close the door on his return before I put a question to him.

"What was Miss Lockwood's name when she was on the stage?" I asked bluntly.

Jervis stared at me through eyes that seemed to be gazing into an immense distance. "Joan Alderton," he said, "and this swine Yates, her husband, must be Ivor Corby."

"Ivor Corby," I repeated. "The doctor's younger son? I thought you said he was dead."

"I thought he was dead. So did Beth, so did the doctor—years ago." Jervis came back to the hearth rug. "You remember I told you once that even bad eggs kept in touch with their family's lawyers? Well, we act for Corby. For two years after Ivor bolted from this country we sent him a quarterly remittance from his father. Once the remittance was returned by the post. I imagined the little swine was in gaol and later he'd be writing for it. But he never did. That was over four years ago, and we hoped he was dead, but he isn't—unfortunately."

"And did other people know?"

"No. Except the doctor, I don't think anybody. I didn't till some time after he had deserted her. You'd better hear the whole ghastly story. . . . Tragic. . . . Pitiable." Jervis, frowning at the fire, shook his head in an expressive way.

"He was always a rotter, was Ivor. One of those good-looking, plausible little beasts with a specious excuse for everything. Women liked him; they were sorry for him; God knows why. And Beth fell for him with the rest. He got into trouble over a dud cheque in his first year at Oxford, and was sent down. He mucked about London for a while as a motor-car salesman and got into trouble again over a car fraud. His father paid up and only just saved him from prosecu-

tion. And then Beth married him."

Jervis turned away from the fire with an exclamation of disgust and began to pace the room.

"She had some damn fool, romantic idea that she could save him from himself. She was only a kid, it's true: just twenty-one, but—my God—she ought to have had better sense. Inside a month Ivor took every bean she'd got, even her personal jewellery, and bolted with another woman with the police after him. I've a strong suspicion, though nothing ever came out—fortunately for Beth. She had a hell of a time after that."

"Isn't it a job for the police to find out?" I broke in irritably.

"What? Yes. Yes, of course, you'll have to go to the police," Jervis answered. "This ought to let you out. Not certain, but it ought to. But I've got to see Beth first." He rose suddenly and glanced at his watch. "I can just do it: the ten-fifty. You come down first thing in the morning." He started for the door.

"Jervis," I said sharply. "This is all damned fine, but if you tell her all we know, what chance have we got to lay hands on Ivor Corby. She'll tell him, and he'll be off, and Palmer, too."

Jervis turned. "If you think Beth would deliberately let you hang, you're the biggest blasted fool in the world," he said furiously. "She's been a damned good friend to you. If that's what you think, get on with it. There's the telephone, ring Scotland Yard: ring Connor; ring Mace."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—339

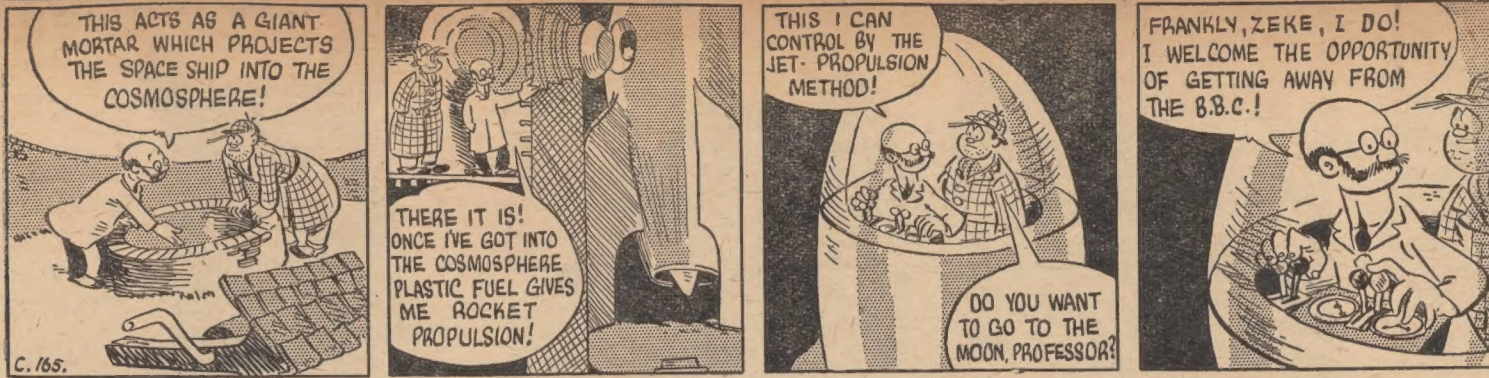
- Put everything in BOON and get a blimp.
- In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Dulosh dol eb citannacacque rotfog.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PIES into TART and then back again into PIES, without using the same word twice.
- Find the two hidden fishes in: There was another ring at the door and a comic oddity came in.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 338

- THunderY.
- D'y'e ken John Peel with his coat so grey?
- PEAR, sear, seam, slam, slum, PLUM, plug, slug, slur, sour, soar, roar, rear, PEAR.
- M-a-pie, As-h.



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Here's History's Storehouse

By Martin Thornhill

A FEW hundred yards from Fleet Street, London, stands a lofty but dull-looking building, with the still less romantic label—Public Record Office.

But within, unknown to the average passer-by, reposes one of the greatest libraries in the world, a library, not of books, but of unprinted documents, many of a value beyond price, 30,000,000 manuscripts, covering 35 miles of shelves in 140 rooms.

And these accumulated millions of papers and parchments lie the tales of nearly 1,000 years of wars and trials and treaties, the inner stories of countless men and women whose lives make up the annals of British history.

To this vast, unique repository of the nation's archives, scholars and chroniclers from the world over make pilgrimage in quest of history's raw material.

If there's anyone who thinks of history as merely a collection of dry-as-dust recordings of wars and treaties, he should spend an afternoon in the Museum of the P.R.O.

Included in the priceless store are the records of the Exchequer and Chancery, of the Courts of the King's Bench, Common Pleas, Admiralty and Star Chamber, and all the older documents of all the major Departments of State.

There are autographs of all the Sovereigns of England, from Richard II to George V; the confession of Guy Fawkes, believed to have been wrung from him under torture; the Log of the "Victory" for the Battle of Trafalgar; John Bunyan's application for a preaching licence; the "Scrap of Paper" guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium...

When war broke out, many of the priceless records were removed to safer storage underground. As an added precaution, film or photo-static copies were made and deposited in a second safe spot. Some found war-time sanctuary in Canada and the U.S.

On rough shelves lining long galleries in a disused Welsh coal mine stood in the early months of the war hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of the world's rarest books and manuscripts evacuated from the British Museum. Every item was micro-filmed, page by page, each roll, as completed, being hastened across the Atlantic.

Every book in the Museum printed before 1550 has found security in America, meticulously printed in miniature.

Though not one page was lost by enemy action at sea, some famous treasures had narrow escapes on their way to the catacombs for treatment.

Several thousand pages from the Guildhall Library turned up at the mine just before German bombs crashed into this most cherished of buildings in the whole City of London.

Even now, work still remains to be done on the micro-recording of valuable books and documents.

Experts are now busy micro-filming the parish registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, which date back to 1539, the first year after Thomas Cromwell's order compelling the keeping of registers.

There is, in fact, a big drive to complete these miniature copies of all important parish records. Already, 1,000,000 pages have been micro-copied throughout the country, and the films stored in depositories in various places of safety.

These cameras work at the rate of 300 pages an hour.

Solicitors, executors, public authorities, salvage-drive workers, indeed, all who give away salvage, are urgently asked by the British Records Association to save any likely documents and submit them for examination by one of the Association's 800 advisers.

These and other important papers saved from salvage are constantly arriving at the P.R.O., where they are so urgently wanted for the vital work of piecing together the life of the times.



Good Morning

LADIES IN WAITING



"LET 'EM WAIT"



This England

The village of Newton St. Cyres, five miles from Exeter. Seems that the place is deserted, but do you remember the traffic that used to hug that white line?

AWAITING VISITORS



"What luck to-day. And how many buns will they bring?"



"I'm not so sure I was wise getting in here. How about when he fills up with water?"



AFTER LUNCH—REST AWHILE

Women's Land Army girls at Ringshall, near Berkhamsted, carry out the "doctor's orders." We consider they themselves are just what the doctor ordered, too.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Canned again, the young jockey."

